

Tom's Coffee
House ^A *Devon*
SCOTSMAN'S REMARKS

On the FARCE of

LOVE A LA MODE, 7

SCENE by SCENE.

As it is acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL in Drury Lane.

Nemo me impune lacessit.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. BURD, near the Temple Gate, Fleet-street.

M DCC LX.

[Price One Shilling.]

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Tom's Coffee House

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SCOTSMAN'S REMARKS

OFFICE OF



LOVE AND MODE

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SCENE 2 by SCENE 1
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As it is acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL IN DURY LANE

Printed and sold by

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1824

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Tom's Coffee House
Devereux Court Temple Bar

A 87
Scotsman's Remarks, &c.

WITHOUT any ostentatious display of the origin of *Comedy* or *Farce*, as is but too usual among professed pamphleteers, I shall confine this criticism solely to the piece in question, *Love à la Mode*.

The business of it, in the sense of Horace, is a subject *publici juris*, a common and obvious one to all writers, and will remain so to the end of time; to wit, a young lady's being courted by a number of contrasted lovers, whose characters, from their discordance with each other, are to furnish out the comic entertainment.

Of this kind we have several on the English, besides those on other theatres

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of Europe; viz. MISS LUCY IN TOWN,
MISS IN HER TEENS, &c.

And yet an author may derive merit from this subject of *common right*, as we may call it, in proportion as he shall introduce personages of an higher rank of life, more elegant colouring, and a quite novel complexion.

Whenever this shall be executed, it is to be looked upon as the work of true genius; but when fallen short of, as often happens, it is to be deemed the impotent effort of the hard-bound brains of low plagiarists, whose memory is filled with the shreds and ill-chosen scraps of other mens wit.

In which of these two classes the author of *Love à la Mode* is to be ranked, will appear from the subsequent remarks; whom, however, the most inveterate enemies he has, cannot refuse being guilty of *modesty* and *gratitude* on this occasion—Of *modesty* in not *publishing*; and of *gratitude* in not giving his generous benefactors occasion of repenting their having patronized such coarse, inaccurate scenes, and so affrontful to themselves.

To proceed methodically, let us *first* examine into the propriety of the characters of his drama; and, *secondly*, how he has conducted the whole, and how brought on and carried off his people.

The DRAMATIS PERSONÆ are,

Sir THEODORE GOODCHILD, a wealthy merchant of London.

MORDECAI, a wealthy Jew fop.

Sir ARCHIBALD M'SARCASM, a Scotch knight.

Sir CALLAGHAN O BRALLAGHAN, an Irish officer in the Prussian service.

GROOME, an English esquire, fond of race-horses, &c.

CHARLOTTE, a young lady of a considerable fortune, and the ward of Sir Theodore.

Propriety of characters, for the present purpose, may be divided into two sorts—The one to make them act and speak in every thing suitably to their intended purpose, untainted by any peculiarly vicious manner of country or education.—The other is, when the character is made to

result intirely from a provincial dialect, and local manners.

✓ The chief mongrel characters of this farce are a monstrous compound of both. There is nothing merely national in either the *Scotch* or *Irish* man, but an apeing of the vulgar accent of both nations, with a few strained (not natural) blunders in the *Hibernian* hero's mouth, since such the author has been pleased to constitute him.

The character of *M^r Sarcasm* is somewhat of *Rancune's* cast in the comic romance written by the facetious *Scarron*.— He is a rascal in every sense, who delights in flattering all present, man or woman, to his or her face, shrugging contempt at them at the same time, when they turn their backs, and tearing them to pieces when absent.

This character is the produce of every climate; and the *Irish* in general, if we take their own words for it (I mean no national reflection, for that I scorn) implead themselves for a too general tendency to detraction, and to the first comer; whereas the *Scots* are very cautious to whom they disclose

disclose their disadvantageous opinions of any person.

Sir *Callaghan O Brallaghan* is made a Prussian officer, to introduce him under that passport more favourably to the crowd. If the author had chosen it, he might with as much justice, and perhaps more, have introduced a *Scotsman* in that service, there being no corps of either nation in it, as in *France*; and that moreover there was in favour of the *North Briton*, his brave countryman general *Keith*, who had long shared the favour, assisted in the councils, and ultimately fallen in the service of *Prussia's* ever-glorious monarch.

It sure then ill becomes any assumed character of officership in that heroic service, to squint the least, however indirectly, against *Scotch* valour, which is impudently done more than once in this farce.

An *Irish* officer in the *French*, *Spanish*, or *Austrian* service, would have been more agreeable to the general received notions of mankind. But such an incoherent medley of heroism and stupidity as *O Brallaghan* is dished out here by his countryman, never has been exhibited before, nor ought

to be borne by any audience that would lay a claim to rationality.

Mordecai the beau Jew is no-body, a mere expletive foot-ball persona, to be made a cat's paw of, to be abused, insulted, and have jokes cracked upon him.

Squire Groome is no national characteristic of England, but a general representative of any person of the three kingdoms, who likes horse-racing, drinking, &c. preferably to any other happiness; but why he should be the type of the English nation, I cannot see, and therefore leave it to the very jumbling author to explain in the best manner he can; for objects receive strange aspects, as they pass through the *camera obscura* of his intellect.

Sir Theodore Goodchild, as well as his ward *Charlotte*, are two very silly schemers, considering how the world is at present situated, and that all marriages are rather the objects of prudence than passion. We are not *Arcadian* shepherds either in this or the next island.

As I am but lately come from Scotland, the first view I had of *Love à la Mode* was

on Saturday se'nnight, when a young gentleman who sat near me in the pit, was pleased to inform me that it had been much shortened, and altered for the better since the first performance of it. That, moreover, it used at first to be preceded by a plaintive prologue, spoken, as was supposed, by a water-nymph, or one like *Niobé*, all tears, to deprecate the public's resentment from the vile stuff that was to be presented; nay, he added, it was not unlike a child's endeavouring with sobs and tears to conciliate the favour of an incensed public in the behalf of a sinful but repenting parent.

The piece opens by Sir *Theodore* and *Charlotte*'s having agreed to lay a scheme to try which of her lovers was the most sincere, by their declaring after dinner that he was a bankrupt, &c. and she ruined of consequence.—A pretty amusement for a wealthy merchant, and an experiment that few young ladies of fortune ought to try now-a-days, however great their merit; nay, even granting that of their suitor and his having strong affections for them.

There

There are family reasons, such as the providing for the younger children, &c. which would prove often insurmountable obstacles, where poverty should really be presented in the place of an expected large fortune.

— She gives to her guardian, as if he had neither known nor seen them before, a respective description of her woers.—If it was meant to inform the audience, it is stupid enough; that is like prefixing an explanatory argument to a play: their appearance and business is to let the audience into the secret of what they are; which accounts should ever be shortly done, and to those supposed not to have had any prior knowledge.

That given of the Jew beau *Mordecai*, as well as the treatment of him throughout, is idly and grossly insulting a body of people, since the Jew-act has not taken place, and who ought to meet with better treatment from a man who owed his getting any footing on the stage to the supposition of his having well represented one of their community.

That

That given of *M' Sarcastm* is partly already hinted at, with his being vain-glorious of the antiquity of his family.

That of 'Squire *Groome* gives but a very faint idea of what the actor's excellence displays.

The picture drawn of the *Irish* hero is rather that of a bully than a brave officer; nor is either wrote up, nor consequently acted up to. He is described with a high-cocked hat, long sword, short-skirted coat, and affecting a tremendous stride; to which the lady adds, " You would think " that *Mars* had been his foster-father, " and *Bellona* his nurse, &c." there needed only to have been added, that every morning he drank gunpowder tea for his breakfast, and that he swallowed pistol balls, like *sugar-plumbs*, by way of helping digestion.

Yet when Sir *Callaghan* comes into action, both his language and demeanor are of the gentlest cast.

Sir *Theodore* pretends business out, in order to give room for *Charlotte's* receiving all her lovers before dinner, to which

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they

they had been invited, and are expected, except 'Squire *Groome*, who was, it seems, engaged in a great horse-match at New-market.

Sir *Theodore*, on his going out, is met by the first arrived visitor *Mordecai*, who enters rather like a masquerade buffoon than any thing else, and disgracing Italian airs like a lunatic *castrato*.

After a few common-place compliments, he upon her beauty, she upon his taste, elegance, &c. she accuses him with addressing a certain lady, &c. he expresses great uneasiness to know from whom she had learned it; she tells him from *M^r Sax-casm*.

Here *Mordecai* adds to the already disadvantageous character given of the *North Briton's* poisonous tongue, by calling him the scandal spreader and Pasquin of the town, and says he is so great a scoundrel no gentleman of his country will keep him company.

This is but a poor salvo — Why then impose all the scoundrelism of the piece upon Scots shoulders? It certainly was by

no

no means intended as a compliment, but rather as a gross affront to *North Britain*, as well as the weak designer could execute it.

M'Sarcasm comes into Miss *Charlotte's* apartment, and though on an intended visit to her, sees *Mordecai* before the lady (though why we are not told) in order it seems to have a little fun with him—
‘There is great art here!’

He then turns to the lady, asks her pardon for not having seen her before (though she was as obvious an object as then) in a very tiresome, drawling, hesitating, repeating, and, on the whole, execrable imitation of the Scots accent, through which breaks out ever and anon the *Irish brogue*.

Among other things in his very uncouth address, he declares her to be “an epitome of all mental and bodily perfections, and that she is a de-ve-ne-ty.” *Sir Callaghan O Brallaghan's* name being brought on the carpet, *M'Sarcasm* bids them not to be uneasy about him, that he has brought him along with him; for

that, like the kings of old, he never travels without his f-u-l; and that he has left him writing a love epistle below stairs, which he is sure has not been equalled since the days of Don *Q-u-e-x-o-t-e*—
E--h!

He does not tell us in what apartment below stairs he had left him. This gives a very contemptible idea of the author's hero, that by *M' Sarcastm*, a known rival's advice, he should misemploy so much time below stairs in penning either a so-net or an ep-i-
stle; while the other, during that interval, was making the most of his suit.

Mordecai, desirous to have a slice, as they call it, of the *Irishman*, by way of a whet before dinner, goes off, and commodiously, to give *M' Sarcastm* an opportunity of abusing all his rivals, which he does e-la-bo-
rate-ly.

'Squire *Groome* he represents to her as a man of ruined fortune, a Newmarket sharper, a contemptible jo-key; who would always prefer his horses, &c. to her.

Mor-

Mordecai, his favourite butt for abuse, he vilifies, among other things, for his complexion, &c.

The *Irishman* he bids her beware of on account of his being her guardian's nephew; whom he insinuates to her he has certain information of having a design upon her fortune.

He lastly comes to himself, and then blazons forth to her the advantages that she will have, though sprung from sugar-hogheads, rum-punchcons, a counting-house, &c. to be married into an ancient family, of which there are four vicounts, six earls, three marquesses, and two dukes, besides lairds and baronets out of aw reckoning beyond number.—What humming and hawing in this dull, prolix declaration!

Where is the propriety of *Charlotte's* guardian being uncle to *Sir Callaghan*? It gives room to suspect a collusion.

Beau *Mordecai*, the little *Girgesbite*, returns brimful of joy to tell them the *Irishman* is coming. *Sir Callaghan* whom, from the description given of his person and carriage, one was to expect to see enter the room in a most formidable, swagger-

ing manner, and dealing terror around, on the contrary comes on with all the mild vacancy of looks that denote a good-natured, untravelled young man.

He addresses the lady rather with respectful bashfulness and timidity than conformable to the boisterous picture *Charlotte* had drawn of him, and up to which his dialogue is not written; so the actor is not at all in fault, but the author is for his inconsistencies.

He is asked to indulge the lady with the description of a battle, which he declines at first for the reason that he thinks it unbecoming to make mention of such matters before a lady, and that it savours too much of the *Fan-fa-ron*.

But urged farther he declares to her, "that there is so much doing every where, there is no knowing what is done any where—that every man has so much business of his own, he has no time to mind that of his neighbours—that there is such drumming, and shouting, and smoke, and fighting, and the delicious noise of arms, that it is no more possible to give an account

count of a battle than of the stars in the firmament."

M^r Sarcastm, like another *Iago*, in order to bring *Mordecai* into a scrape, eggs him on to put to *Sir Callaghan* such questions as might the readier provoke his anger.

Mordecai asks in a pert manner, "Pray, *Sir Callaghan*, how many men may you have killed in your time?"--To which *Sir Callaghan* replies, "More than a coward would choose to eat, or an impertinent fellow would dare to look on——So, are you answered, *Mr. Beau Mordecai*?"

M^r Sarcastm hugs himself with joy at the agreeable notion of *Mordecai*'s running himself into a scrape, which might probably rid him of both rivals---He encourages him to go on.

To *Mordecai*'s ridiculous taunting and saying, If he were a general, *Sir Callaghan* rejoins, turning to the lady, "Look at the general, *Madam*—it is a trade not so easy to be learned; it requires great genius, as well as being up late and early, enduring the summer's scorching heat and winter's freezing cold; dangers should be
his

his chief delight, glory ever in view, death his greatest reward, by which he will live for ever."

During this speech the Scot and the Jew are chuckling to each other, the latter bursting into a fit of laughter, cries, "O the bull, a man live by death!"

Sir Callagh. "Yes, Mr. Mordecai, a man live by his death. Is not Julius Cæsar, Alexander, and all the other heroes, tho' dead two thousand years ago, alive in history, and will be so to the end of time?—And is not your brave young General, who died for his country's glory before QUEBEC, as much alive as any of them, and will be so to the end of time?"

"This is a mob-timed, nay begging clap-trap, and therefore the lady with a swelling breast figures in to this purpose; "All the brave men who perished on that occasion must be thought on with applause, while British annals or British gratitude remains."

The Dursleys, the Lockmans, the Macleanes, and all of that species, are sure of claps by such springes to catch wood-cocks;

cocks; but true genius disdains, because the claims it has on fame derive from more noble motives.

Opportunely a message comes about dinner, which draws away the *Lady* and the *Jew*—*M^r Sarcastm* having represented the latter as a most contemptible being, a rascal, &c. to the *Irishman*, asks him if he has written the letter, according as he had advised; to the young lady?

Sir Callaghan replies in the negative; but says he has written a letter to the uncle, which, in his sense, will do as well. At this answer *M^r Sarcastm* sniggers to himself, and prays to hear the contents as matter of entertaining curiosity.

Among other articles, *O Brallaghan* reads in the letter, “ nothing is so unbecoming a man of honour as to behave like a scoundrel;” upon the novelty of which sentiment *M^r Sarcastm* sneeringly compliments him, which the dubbed hero receives kindly.

In the subsequent part of his letter is this paragraph, “ bidding him to consider the antiquity of the *O Brallaghans* fa-

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mily,

mily, as old, nay older than any family in the three kingdoms, or even in Europe, it being related to all the *OSullivans*, *OShagbeshyns*, *OFlabertys*, *M'Dermots*, *M'Cloghlans*, &c."—a thorough Milesian list.

M' Sarcaſm objects to the aſſertion of his family being ſo ancient, and that when he ſaid ſo, he muſt have loſt ſight of the North Britons, who are the only pure nobility in Great Britain.

O Brallaghan answers, “ he knew very well what he had ſaid ;” upon which *M' Sarcaſm* inſinuates in an angry manner, “ that his having ſaid ſo muſt be attributed to his ignorance and vanity.”

O Brallaghan kindles, and ſays, he does not underſtand what *M' Sarcaſm* would be at ; who ſays, that *O Brallaghan's* aſſertion muſt be aſcribed “ to his being ignorant and vain.” *O Brallaghan* in a mild manner declares that *M' Sarcaſm* muſt eat his words, or give him (*O Brallaghan*) ſatisfaction.

M' Sarcaſm, with a violent affectation of irascibility, draws for immediate action ; againſt which, on account of the impro-

impropriety of the place, *O Brallaghan* expostulates — But upon *M^c Sarcasm*'s insisting (from a supposed surmise of his antagonist's being shy) *O Brallaghan* draws, and tells him, that since determined he is as welcome as the flowers in June.

The covert sneer against the brave Highlanders before Quebec, is too flagrant. —

The whole, of the *Irish* being called *outcasts* of the *Scots*, and the *Scots* being retorted as *Irishmen's* bastards, &c. is too vile for criticism.

Upon this scuffle, with the usual decorum of the rest of the characters entering, comes on alone, unattended by servants, &c. the lady, and asking what's the cause of quarrel, *Sir Callaghan* answers, It was about *M^c Sarcasm*'s grandmother, &c.

The lady having made peace; on which occasion the *Scotchman* is made the readier to strike: and after bids the *Irishman*, aside, not to expose himself in speaking about the *Belles Lettres*, *Classics*, &c. (of which teague had not mentioned the least word) upon account of the damnable twist upon his tongue.

Sir *Callaghan* replies (this is one of the scenes like humour) That it is not he, but *M^r Sarcastm*, that has so damned a northern brogue, that nobody can understand him.

For a decision they both apply to the lady; who answers in so politely cautious a manner, as to make them both happy; and goes off, praying that they will not tarry coming to dinner.

But the two lovers appetites not being so keen as the lady's, they remain; and on *M^r Sarcastm*'s advising Sir *Callaghan* to be vigorous and push his point, the other sings a song declaratory of his sentiments:

O! you never did hear

Of an Irishman's fear

In love, or in battle, &c.

The sense of the rest is, that they make all the men in fighting, and all the women in intriguing, strike to them; which is tantamount to an old song amongst the lowest class of profligates that are banished to England from that country. For fighting and f**** (to write in the *Tristram Shandy* way) there is nobody like us.

For

For English fathers with their daughters, English husbands with their wives, English brothers with their sisters, &c. to attend to, encourage, and applaud such gross ribaldry, declares them truly meritorious of the cornuted honours (said to be) so often conferred upon them by their western brethren — when they take a moment's leisure to think, they must be covered with shame and confusion, in regard to modesty, and their own dignity.

An indecent song having closed the first act, the interval between that and the second is filled up with a dinner; which, with as much accuracy as the preceding business, might be brought on the stage.

The second act begins by *M^r Sarcasm*'s (instead of a servant's) announcing to the young lady the arrival of her other original lover, 'Squire *Groome*, from Newmarket.

In attempting to give a picturesque account of *Groome*'s person and attire (who is come in the very jockey dress in which he had rode a match) *M^r Sarcasm* says, with his usual studied stupidity, that he is come in *Aw his pontificalibus* — a jockey garb is a curtailed, abridged, and tight

dress; whereas the word *pontificalibus* conveys the idea of an ample, flowing, and a pompous one; and we might with as much justice say, that a prelate in the full sweep and sway of his robe is in a trim jockey dress.

M^r Sarcasm having discharged his packet relative to 'Squire Groome (in order as it were to relieve guard) enters *Mordecai* with more news about him, and the transaction between the *Irish* and the *Newmarket* heroes.

On *Mordecai's* declaring that there is a warm contest between the two, *M^r Sarcasm* expresses his joy in hopes of a speedy effusion of either *Irish* or *Newmarket* blood; that of both would please him best, so wicked and bloody-minded a rascal is he painted.

His short-lived pleasure is soon converted into sorrow, when *Mordecai* informs him that their contest goes no farther, than to try who will or can drink *Charlotte's* health in the greatest quantity of claret; and that the challenge, as he came from them, had risen from one to a three pint bumper.

Such business would be much fitter scened in one of the taverns of Covent Garden *purlieus*, than in the house of a sober and reputable merchant of London.

Gentlemen of that sedate class of life very seldom (rather never) permit such riotous doings in their houses, which would be a very pernicious example for their servants, &c. and detrimental to their own characters.

But trespasses of this kind are nothing to our confounding author, who treats nature, reason, and decency with a total disregard; and seems professedly to have made an experiment to know how far absurdity can be relished in the present too general depravity of taste.

At last on comes, or rather in tumbles, 'Squire *Groome*, hallooing like mad, and drunk: he begins by excusing himself to *Charlotte* for not having come sooner, and been time enough for dinner, which he imputes to a brother Buck's having borrowed his watch to set another by, but that he put his (*Groome's*) two hours back, which was the occasion of his error in time.

He bids her ladyship look at it; for that "it regulates the sun, and that they all stop by it at Newmarket." When asked by *M^r Sarcastm* how soon he could come from York to London, he answers, That barring any accident of leg, arm, &c. he would engage to do it in sixteen hours thirty-six minutes and seventeen seconds, or thereabouts: he makes some immaterial amendment of his calculation.

The inquisitive *M^r Sarcastm*, ever studious to make his rivals expose their weak side, entreats and obtains of him an account of the match he rode for, and won: *Groome*, from the exuberance of his heart, tells, it was a subscription-match, for which each person had deposited so much, every subscriber to ride his own beast:--- he enumerates the odds against him.

Turning to the lady he says, "A little after they set out she might have covered them all with her under-petticoat, but that in a short time one of the match was run away with by his horse out of the course, then rode over an exciseman, two lawyers, and a *beau Jew* (what an unnatural

tural passion this preternatural author has for *Jew beaux*?) with such a chocolate-coloured phiz as *Mordecai*.---He then describes how he jockey'd the rest along the course, and won the race.

The words are the poorest common-place language (as *all fudge*, &c.) used at every horse-course---the acting is exquisite; and even beyond the author's meaning. It was the actor of *Groome*, that roused a torpid, yawning audience the first night, and rescued it from damnation---No *King*, no *Love à la Mode*---notwithstanding *M'Sarcasm*, *O Brallaghan*, and the *Israelite*.

M'Sarcasm asks *Groome* what had induced him to come and visit Miss *Charlotte* in that dress?---He answers, that the bloods of the turf all offered a bet, that he would not ride to *London*, and visit his mistress in the very jockey garb in which he had run the race:---he took them all up, and had consequently taken them all in, as the saying is.

M'Sarcasm, to lure him on, affects to greatly admire his wonderful deeds: upon

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which

which *Groome* tells him, that he had run a snail with his grace, and won it hollow, by half a horn.---Half a horn! (quoth the intelligent *M'Sarcasm*) that was hollow indeed. Then he is arch on to what a perfection the gentlemen of the South have brought all these matters.

Upon which *Groome* exulting declares, "that he will ride a match, fight a main of cocks, drive an equipage, or hunt a pack of hounds for a thousand guineas with any nobleman in Europe, and he says done first."

"O wonderful! (says fleeing *M'Sarcasm* to the lady) he hunts all animals, from the flea in the blanket to the elephant in the forest."---This is certainly new---"He is, indeed, Madam, a very *Nimrod*." "Yes, I am a *Nimrod*," answers *Groome*.

It is too arduous a task to attempt unfolding the many latent beauties in this piece; therefore it is to be hoped a few specimens will suffice.

The reader may with reason ask, but all this time what is become of Sir *Callaghan*?

han? Why has he been deprived of hearing the description of *Groome's* match?--- Has he not been able to carry the bumpers that he had been drinking with *Groome* to *Charlotte's* health; or is he fallen asleep, and tumbled under the table? But in what room or part of the house we really do not know.

It is agreed upon, however, that he is to be cited to the acting chamber, to afford diversion to the lady and her lovers. When *Groome* hears of it, he says with astonishment; "An Irishman make love! I should be glad to hear what an *Irishman* can say, when he makes love!"

M'Sarcasm, the Jew, and *Groome* retire to a corner of the room, to overhear and be diverted with *O Brallaghan's* addresses to the lady; who is advised by *M'Sarcasm* to ask him for his so-net, which he protests will highly entertain her ladyship.

Besides the *stupidity* of the device, what lady of the least education, would co-operate to exhibit a woer, her guardian's nephew too, for a ridiculous entertainment to his rivals, whom she despises. There

are many courtezans would not consent to it in a brothel; nay, it is a brothel scheme, where some of the company retired into another room, see through holes cut in the partition, the aukward addressees made to a woman, by any particular person they mean to laugh at----But how can any thing of the kind be transacted in a reputable house?

The lady being left alone, and a clear stage for Sir *Callaghan*, on he comes, and all the reason he gives for his absence is, that he was enjoying himself in a soliloquy about her, though in the mean time there was a possibility of one of his rivals making advances in her esteem.

She allows him but little time to apologize, before she asks him for a song, not for her entertainment alone, but his rival hearers; which is a violent proof of the author's knowledge of the behaviour of women of polite education and rank.

By the assistance of liquor he thinks himself better enabled to speak his mind to the lady.---He would fain excuse himself from singing a song (which she is put on to ask by *M^r Sarcastm*) and pleads the fear of having
ing

ing got at the wrong side of his voice ; but she persisting, he prays her not to expect such good singing from him, as the people of the opera-house, because “ *Irishmen* are not cut out like the *Italians*.”

This expression I am informed by *Scotch* officers who have been on *Irish* duty, is a very old and hackney'd black-guardicism there ;---but it may be replied, that is no exclusive reason against the qualified author's using it.----

— *Let other men sing of their goddesses bright,
That darken the day, and enlighten the night :
I sing of woman of such flesh and blood,
To touch but her finger would do one's heart good.*

Fal lah, la, &c.

At the end of each stanza is introduced a dash of the *Irish* howl, which, as *Mordecai* has it, he *roars* not *sings*.

The song finished, to the great satisfaction of the three listening rivals in the corner, *Charlotte* intimates a desire of her ardent lover *O Brallaghan's* remaining (in case of their union) at home with her, and going no more to the army.

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He, with two thrust-in sentiments, replies, " he cannot with honour, because that he had served his royal master (and a brave one he is) for seventeen years, who gave him money when he had none of his own ; and that now he was come to a title and fortune, to desert his service when he stands in most need, would be the act of a poltroon ; ---- that it had ever been a rule with him, never to abandon his king or his friend in distress."

Morality of this kind belongs to the ingenuous and noble-minded of every climate, and is here strangely appropriated to *Irish Teaguism*, as well as that in the first act --- " There are two things I am equally afraid of ; either to affront any man, or being affronted myself : " and yet the *Irish* in general are remarkable for *irascibility*, and mistaking an affront where none had been meant.

Is it not surprising that our author, who makes the most of every occasion, has not given a panegyrical volley to the king of *Prussia*, to endear his piece the more to the crowd ? that would have been some little

little plea for the *Irishman's* being a *Prussian* officer---He might have extolled him above *Cæsar*, *Hannibal*, *Alexander*, and declared them not worthy of being his *aides-de-camp*. Then what huzzaing and clapping from the upper regions?

The lady declares against having to do with a military man, leaves him as abruptly, as she had exposed him basely.---In amazement, he says, "What, does she quit the field?---I'll after strait, and reconnoitre her."---

It being high time for all parties to have done their fools tricks, and put a judicious period to this wonderful piece, enter *Mr. Sarcasm* and *Mordecai*, observing to each other that the shew is over, that there are bailiffs in *Sir Theodore's* house:

Sir Theodore crosses the stage with an attorney, and shews him to the lady's apartment, to inform her of the loss of her lawsuit.---She comes on in tears with *Sir Theodore*, bidding him not to despond, but to hope for the better; "that she is sure *Sir Archibald* will make them happy."

The

The *Scot* overhearing her, says, "She may as well rely on the phi-lo-so-phers stone."

Upon her application to him he tells her, he has received letters "not only remonstrating, but expressly pro-hi-bi-ting his contaminating a noble family, by mixing with any thing sprung from sugar-hogf-heads and counting-houses."

She closes her indignant answer with "there is no virtue in man."--- "Nor in woman either (quoth the *Scot*) who has no fortune."---He insultingly advises her to take up with the wandering Israelite, whom he treats with amplified abuse, but the Jew begs to be excused.

In rushes Squire *Groome*, roaring what the devil is the matter.--- "Why I hear, Sir *Theodore*, that you and the filly have run foul of the post."---Being informed of the lady's disaster, he plays off too with a continuation of indecent *Newmarket* allegory.

On comes Sir *Brallaghan*, who when ever off the stage, seems as if he had been asleep, and not to know any thing of what
has

has happened in the house---Where did he
so hide himself?

When told of *Charlott's* misfortune, (as
it was proper the dubbed hero should) he
declares that he loves her the better for it,
because while she was computed to be
worth an hundred thousand pounds, he
could never come near her but in tremb-
ling."---Is this agreeable to some of his
former declarations, of attacking, storming,
making a coup de *main*, or dying upon the
spot; or the sense of the song which tags
the first act, in which he says, he and his
countrymen always make the fair and the
bold surrender!--Her sentimental speeches
on his behaviour, she knowing her situa-
tion not to be impaired, is quite *gratis*.

--Sir *Theodore* tells Sir *Callaghan*, "that
to reward his manly virtue, and to punish
the other interested profligates, who court
ladies only for their fortunes, that *Char-
lotte* is as rich as ever.---*Groome* and *Mort-
decai* appearing amazed, *M'Sarcasm* bids
them be quiet, that Sir *Theodore* says that
to take in the *Irish* feul, who had three

good qualities to make a husband --- "a gud estate, loved *Charlotte* mightily, and was a blockhead."

Sir *Callaghan* addressing himself to Sir *Theodore*, says--- "Why really I do not know the importance of all this --- I cannot believe one word you say; one time you tell me Miss *Charlotte* has a fortune; then she has no fortune---and after, that she has a fortune again: why this is like what the little *jackanapes's* about town do, and is called *humbugging* a man."

When the reality of *Charlotte's* fortune is assured beyond a doubt, the flung rivals express their uneasiness; --- *Groome* cries out, "Why the knowing-ones are taken in here--- *M. Sarcasm* declares he will be revenged; that he knows a lad of gud family, that understands the *Belles Lettres* and *Classics*," (a stale joke against the *Scots*) and is actually writing a comedy, and that he shall make the parties ridiculous, by insinuating their characters. --- *Mordecai* vows "he will write a satire, and ascribe a scandalous intrigue to *Charlotte*."

Groome,

Groome, to have vengeance, swears, "as he cannot write, he will kill her parrot, and cut off her squirrel's tail."

O Brallaghan accosts them, "Pray, gentlemen, I hope you will ask my leave for all this: if any of you touch a hair of the parrot's head, or write your scurrilous lampoons, I will make remarks upon your bodies. I carry a pen by my side that is a very good critic, and writes legible characters, to punish impertinent authors."

Mr Sarcastm tells him he has the lady, and to be satisfied; and not to talk in that bullying way, for that others have as good swords as he.

O Brallaghan observes to *Charlotte*, "This is very like the catastrophe of a play where all the people are together, when honest men are rewarded, and knaves disappointed."

Thus ends *Love à la Mode*, the prize is carried off by *O Brallaghan*, the *Jew*, *Scot* and *Englishman* baulked and abused. What
can

can be the tendency, or moral instruction of this piece?—it is pretty obvious without explaining it.

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## POSTSCRIPT.

**S**HOULD this piece be proved a plagiarism, a vamped-up old *Irish* farce, how must many folks be surprised?

Some strollers from *Dublin*, brought over to *Edinburgh* a farce, where it was printed in the year 1755, and is called *The Brave Irishman*.---The chief business is, that Mr. *Tradewell*, an eminent merchant of the city of *London*, has an only child and heiress, Miss *Lucy*, courted by several w<sup>o</sup>ers; whereof one is a *Frenchman*, Monsieur *Ragou*, abused for his tawney complexion, as *Mordecai* is in *Love à la Mode*; *Cheatly*, a principal agent, an *Englishman*, is a most worthless rascal, lays schemes to defeat the virtuous *Irishman*, Captain *O Blunder*'s courtship, who is an officer in



in our service. He commits as surprizing, but more natural bulls to such a character, than Sir *Callaghan*, and sings as many songs: which the late unfledged bard has imitated. Thus one begins;

*Wherever I'm going, and all the day long,  
Abroad or at home, or alone in a throng,  
I find that my passion's so lively and strong,  
That your name when I'm silent, still runs  
on my tongue.*

In fine, Mr. *Tradewell* is made really to break; and Capt. *O Blunder*, who is here also dubbed a man of estate, declares he will marry Miss *Lucy* notwithstanding; and that he is proud of having it in his power to make her and her father happy in spite of his bad fortune: upon so kind an occasion this reply is put in the mouth of

Miss *Lucy*. This generosity amazes, and greatly prejudices me in favour of the honesty and goodness of the *Irish*.

Capt. *O Blunder*. Oagh, my dear little charmer, my sweet creter, I've another song, just à propos:

*Of*

*Of all the husbands living, an Irishman's  
the best,*

*With my fal, lal, lal, &c.*

*No nation on the globe like him can stand  
the test;*

*With my fal, lal, &c.*

*The English they are drones, as plainly you  
may see;*

*But we're all brisk and airy, and lively as  
a bee.*

*With my fal, lal, &c.*

Thus ends the *Brave Irishman*, from  
which the present *stage casualty*, the au-  
thor of *accident*, and truly original genius  
of *Love à la Mode*, hath derived his plan.  
Thus MILTON is said to have taken the  
hint of his *Paradise Lost* from a puppet-  
show he had seen in Italy!



F I N I S.